

The Evening World.

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"SOWN IN THE SEA."



EXPLORE his overthrow by the Venezuela revolution ex-President Castro says from Berlin: "I am convinced more than ever to-day of the wisdom of the words of the great liberator, Simon Bolivar, when he was about to die:

"I have sown in the sea."
 By this Gen. Bolivar, who was almost the George Washington of South America, meant to say that his life was a failure, that

his work had gone for naught, that the toil and thought of years were as if the waves of the ocean had swept over them and obliterated both the fact and the result.

Nothing that any man does "is sown in the sea." No man's life can be so utterly wrecked that, like a derelict ship on the ocean bottom, it leaves nothing behind either good or bad.

Civilization has been built up like a coral island with myriads of men relatively as insignificant as coral insects combining their labors to rear a little higher the structure of life which exists to-day.



Instead of a man's deeds being sown in the sea they always raise a crop, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, and the harvest is as certain as the sowing.

The greatest trees do not grow from the biggest seeds, nor does the quickest growth last the longest. It is the simple deeds that last, the plain things which endure.

A disappointed man like President Castro is prone to complain. He says: "My experience of nine years as President has taught me that true freedom is a chimera."

True freedom is not a chimera. It is a hope. Freedom is the one eternal hope of mankind, the innate longing which every man has for liberty of thought, action, conscience and opportunity.

The only real chimeras are things of evil. The good persists. The evil dies out because it is evil. In the eternal plan one man is an atom, like a grain of the ocean sand; but, unlike a grain of sand, he has a will, a conscience and a soul whose expression affect not only the life about him but make up an inexorable part of the advance of the human race.

If all men would only regard that every good deed forms an eternal part in the uplift of mankind, they would treasure the good they have done as cherished memories, and not regard any life as fruitless, because everyone sometimes does some good, kind or just thing.

If all men would regard that an evil deed or an evil thought retards human progress toward perfect freedom they would be less likely to do or to think evil.

The success or failure of any life depends not on an absolute standard, because human imperfections prevent there being absolute standards on a finite world.

Success is only relative. So is failure. The man who has done the best which his opportunities and environment permit has made the greatest success that the world allows him. Surely he has done more than to "sow in the sea."



The New York Girl—No. 16.

By Maurice Ketten.



THE "SHOW GIRL"

The Chorus Girl's "C. D. Q." Calls at the Sheriff's Dinner Bring Nothing Better Than Ice Cream and Lady Fingers

By Roy L. McCardell.

THE ornate life for mine, Doll "Baby," said the Chorus Girl. "Thursday night we took a look in at the Sheriff's Jury dinner at the Knickerbocker. George, the wine agent, who is Amy's fiance, got us cards to go, because while they don't have Sheriff's juries where I come from, they do have Grand Juries and Grand Jury dinners."

"They are generally given at the one hotel in town that has too big a political pull to be indicted that term of court for selling liquor to minors. Then jury dinners generally consist of roast turkey and a profusion of celery. And the bill of fare is always printed in the local papers. It makes a big showing when every item is given a line to itself, down to fruit, cake and coffee."

"But say, the Sheriff's Jury dinner in New York has them Balshazer feasts we was told about at Sunday school whipped like a top."

"George's table was right under where

we sat, and his snorts of rage when agents for rival brands called for their wines so loudly he couldn't help hearing was painful to hear. But George has got himself so trained that he even turns his indignation to account and his snorts pop out as if another quart was being opened, and then wine agents, what is his rivals in the gentle art of boosting the grape, thought every snort was four more dollars for George's firm."

"Then Sheriff Jury's dinners is the grandest things. All the millionaires and other busy little cups of tea in politics and high finance is on the Sheriff's Jury panel. That keeps them from being drawn on any other kind of jury, and what is his rivals in the gentle art of boosting the grape, thought every snort was four more dollars for George's firm."

"All this fine money—and it's a whole lot—spent on the annual dinners. 'They just can't spend it all on eats and drinks, and what's left over goes into souvenirs. The souvenirs this year was big solid-silver vases and morocco and gold-bound telephone books."

"It almost made us cry to see all that money wasted and us ladies not getting any of it. Of course Amy wanted the silver mug and the book, but George said that then trophies had to go to his firm, together with the card, to show that his wine had the call, because his wine was on the card, but the other agent's was too."

"We sat up there starved to death,

and when it was all over George wasn't keen to take us out to dinner, because he had been feeding himself all evening, and right after dinner people that has had their cakes don't believe anybody else in the world was ever hungry."

"George was so overcome when we got back to the flat that after telling us how he'd have it printed in the papers that this grand dinner was another triumph for 'Perfect Brut,' he fell fast asleep on Mamma De Branscombe's horse-hair sofa, which is an old family heirloom."

"Dopey had to sit up all night with him for three reasons. The first was because George was occupying Dopey's sofa; the second reason was that Dopey sleeps sitting up anyway, which comes from long practice sleeping on the park benches, and he can't sleep in any other position. The third reason is that when George is overcome by the tolls of the night and does fall asleep and can't be woken, Dopey has to stand by as the family chaperon, because while George is Amy's fiance, still a girl on the stage must let nothing ever occur that would be the slightest reflection on her fair name."

"As I was telling you, Dopey sleeps on the horsehair sofa sitting up and, as his feet are on the floor, he ain't in any danger of slipping off, because that horsehair sofa is slick and smooth."

"George would have shot the chutes

out of it when he first fell over, but Dopey saw George was bound for slumber and got the box of bird gravel we keep for the canary and sanded down the sofa."

"A box of bird gravel comes in awful handy at the flat. Dopey uses it as a dentifrice, or when he wants to do a step dance and sing 'Strolling on the River' he just takes up the rug and sprinkles the gravel on the floor."

"Dopey McKnight is his Uncle Henry's nephew, and the least thing pleases him. He's been happy as a lark because his old pal, the Musical Swede, got a job after leaving his Blackwell's Island home."

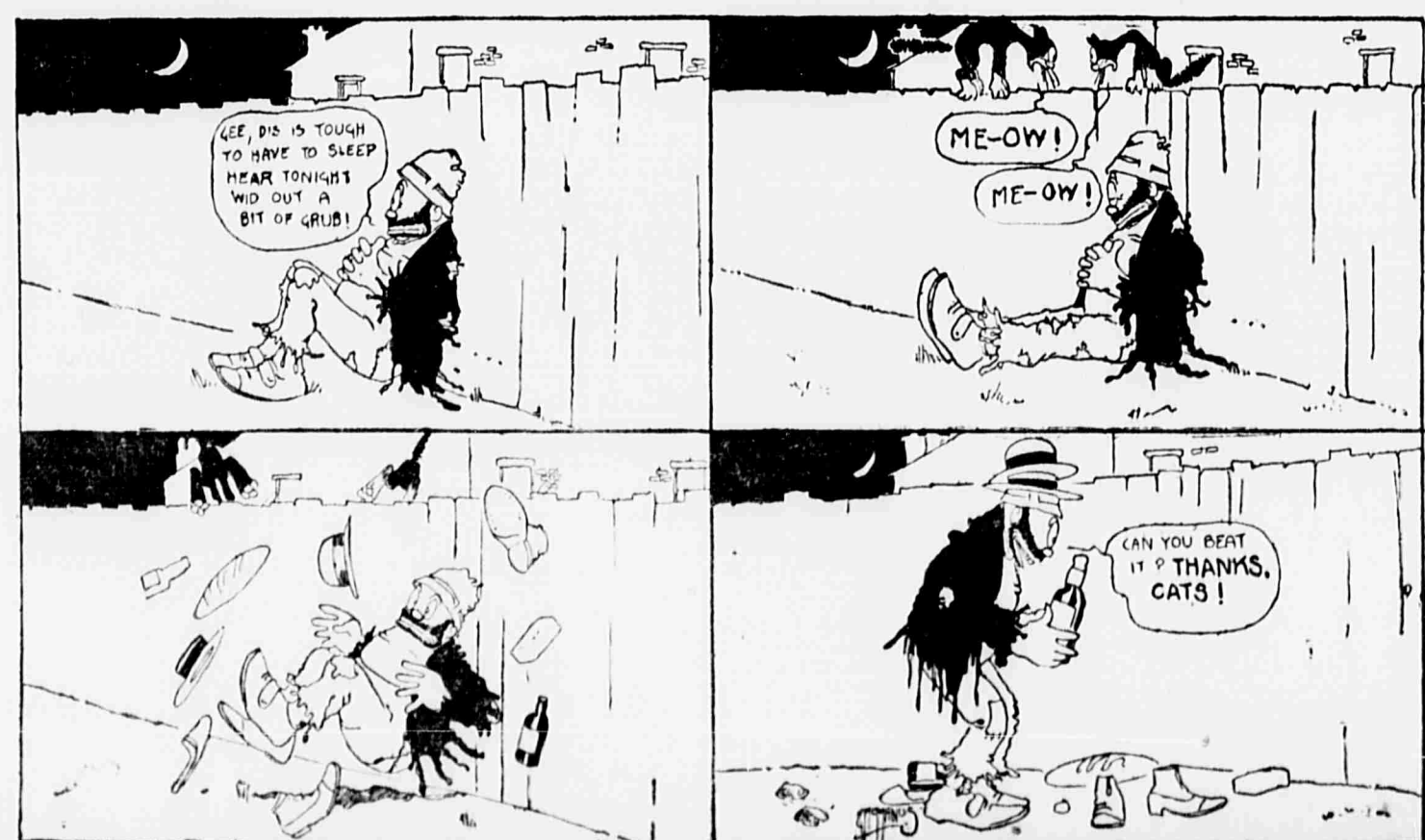
"It's on the quarter-deck of a pay-as-you-enter car. The Musical Swede told Dopey that he always wanted to be a conductor, preferably the conductor of an orchestra like Maurice Lebl, but when he couldn't get that, conductor on a street car did just as well. And he worked nearly half a day, mind you. But the Musical Swede told Dopey that the company was sore at him anyway, because he had been late to rehearsals."

"Say, why don't they have Sheriff's dinners for ladies? We sat up in the box sending wireless 'C. D. Q.' all evening, but all George sent us up was ice cream and lady fingers."

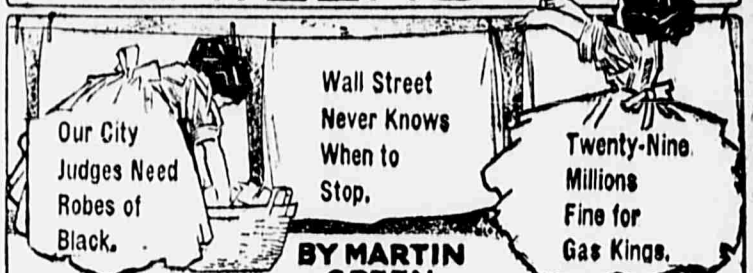
"Oh, you kid! I know your office hours!"

Panhandle Pete

By George McManus



THE WEEK'S WASH



"T HAT was a wise move of that young broker who retired from Wall Street when he had stacked two million bucks," remarked the laundry man.

"Show me," said the man who was getting his package. "Show me the Wall Street broker who would be satisfied to run out at the \$200,000 turn Show him to me and I'll be a couple of President Roosevelt's messages to my feet and jump off the Brooklyn Bridge."

"No man with a Wall Street training will ever know how much money spells enough. They quit when they die or go broke. This broker who refers to did an ingenious get-away that does him a lot of credit. If A. O. Brown had only been wise enough to claim that he was retiring from business because he had so much money he couldn't find banks to hold it, a cruel New England receiver would not now be trying to take Edna Wallace Hopper's automobile away from her."

"The Double Cross."

"D OWN in the Street they tell of a certain young broker, recently retired, who was the victim of a legitimate double cross engineered by one of the biggest and most daring of stock gamblers. This millionaire gambler, when he had a campaign mapped out always started it by going to the office of the aforesaid young broker and giving him a lot of conspicuous instructions."

"It was brass hand trading. The big gambler seemed anxious to let everybody know what he was doing. And the young broker, deeming himself the chosen of the financial wizard, was greatly saluted and followed the trail of his supposed benefactor. Nor did he hesitate to tip off his friends as to the intentions of that legalized confidence man."

"And all the time the millionaire gambler was doing his real work under cover, through brokers bound to secrecy. The transactions through his

of concealment of some nature is almost necessary for the preservation of the public peace. I would go further and declare that said city judges should wear such wigs as were once affected by gentlemen on the woolstack. The display of cranial in ridges, bumps and hollows made by some of the jurists on the local bench must needs have a depressing effect upon litigants who come before them."

"Springfield, Ill., Wine."

"I SEE," said the laundry man, "that the W. C. T. U. is protesting against the serving of wine at the Lincoln Dinner to be held in Springfield, Ill."

"Me for it," announced the man who was getting his package. "For this occasion describe me as a male annex of the W. C. T. U. Having once partaken of what the convivially inclined of Springfield, Ill., call wine, I join with loud acclaim any movement whatsoever tending to discourage others from similar participation."

"My 'Cycle of Readings.'"

By Count Tolstoy.

Translated by Herman Bernstein.

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The italicized paragraphs are Count Tolstoy's original comments on the subject.

Land.

LAND cannot be a matter of ownership.

WHEN Socrates was asked to what country he belonged by virtue of his birth, he said that he was a citizen of the whole world, he considered himself a resident and citizen of the entire universe.—Cicero.

If we were to suppose that the entire inhabited world could be the property of the tillers of the land, and that they have the right to its surface, then all those who do not till the earth have no right to it. Thus those who are not tillers of the soil could exist on earth only on condition that the tillers of the land consent to it. They would get the right to the place occupied by their feet only on condition that the tillers of the soil would give their consent to it. Thus, if they did not want to give them a place to rest, those that do not till the soil would have to be wiped off the globe.—Herbert Spencer.

OWNERSHIP of land, like ownership of slaves, is in its very essence different from ownership of things created by labor. Take away from a man or a nation money, goods, cattle, and your plunder will end together with your departure. The course of time, of course, will not change your crime into a good deed, but it will efface its consequences. But take away the land from a people and your plunder will continue forever. It will be a new plunder for each coming generation, for every new year, for every new day.—Henry George.

THE fundamental deception lies in the coarse and monstrous assertion that the earth, given by God to all mankind, may be somebody's private property. This is the same violence as slavery.—Newman.

If there is a man who has no right to land, then my right to land, your right, and the right of every man is unlawful.—Emerson.

THE earth is our common mother. It feeds us, gives us shelter, gladdens us and warms us lovingly. From the moment of our birth until the moment when we are set at rest in eternal sleep on its maternal breast it continually fondles us in its tender embrace. What is there that can replace for us those mountains on which I saw for the first time the rising of the sun which awakened everything to new life? Mysterious and deep are the roots which unite us with mother earth, and not a tree is so soundly rooted. And yet, notwithstanding all this, people speak of its sale. Indeed, in our mercenary age land is placed on the market for appraisal and so-called sale, but the sale of land, which was created by the heavenly creator, is a wild absurdity. The land may belong only to omnipotent God and to all the people working on it or to those who are to work on it in the future. It does not represent the property of one generation, but of all the past, present and future generations working on it.—Carlyle.

IT is amusing to think that there are people in the world who, having renounced all divine and natural laws, created laws for themselves and are obeying them strictly—such as thieves, for instance.

NO ONE can have the right to the ownership of land.

Letters From the People

The Mother's Fanit

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The "Mothers" who make complaints against the behavior of their own sons expect advice and sympathy. What else but an unruly son could be the result of spoilt childhood? The mothers often have only themselves to blame. If one creates a cause one expects an effect—that is a well-known law of nature. If children are spoiled or badly brought up, it is the mother's fault when they prove "unruly."

ANOTHER MOTHER.

Science, Ahoy!

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will scientific readers please explain whether the speed of a shadow of a cloud on the earth's surface or on the water is any criterion as to the speed the cloud is travelling, and explain the reason?

D. H. H.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Much has been said of the bravery of Capt. Sealby, Jack Binn, the wireless operator, and Second Officer R. J. Williams, who stayed on the sinking Republic with the captain. These courageous men are Englishmen. I am not saying that an equal amount of bravery would not have been shown on an American ship with an American crew, but I would like to impress upon those Americans who are prejudiced against the English that we can show as much

pluck as any other nation. It is perfectly true that we did not give your Olympic team as generous a reception as would probably have been tendered to us, but one need not judge a vast nation by what one or two do. Any American who has been to England knows he has usually had a generous reception and been treated as a friend, not an outsider. In Switzerland, where so many Americans and Englishmen spend their holidays, they are seen to get on at every turn.

ENGLISHMAN.

What is "Hardest" Language?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will readers who are linguists please tell me which language is the hardest to learn and to speak? VERA A. BANGOR, N. J.

Metropolitan Museum.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where is the Metropolitan Museum of Art and what days is it open free? Union Hill, N. J. C. M.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is in Central Park, near Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Admission 25 cents on Mondays and Fridays. Other days free.

At Any Large Book Store.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find some good book which contains "Toasts" and speeches suitable for engagements, parties, weddings and other social affairs? H. M.